I know thou dist not, thou art not such a villaine:
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.
Em. But did you euer tell him she was false?
Iag. I did.
Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;
Vpon my soule a lie, a wicked lie:
She false with *Cassio*; did you say with *Cassio*?
Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse; go to, charme your tongue.
Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake;
My Mistresse here lies murdered in her bed.
All. Oh heauens forefend.
Em. And your reports haue set the murderer on.
Oth. Nay, stare not masters, it is true indeed.
Gra. Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Em. Villany, villany, villany;
I thinke vpon't, I thinke; I smell't a villany;
I thought so then; Ile kill my selfe for griefe,
O villany, villany.
Iag. What are you mad? I charge you get you home.
Em. Good Gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake;
Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perhaps *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh. Oth. *falls on the bed.*
Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare,
For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. O she was foule:
I scarce did know you Vncle, there lies your Niece,
Whose breath indeed, these hands haue newly stopt;
I know this act shewes terrible and grim.
Gr. Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortall to him, and pure griefe
Shore his old thread in twaine: did he liue now,
This sight would make him doe a desperate turne,
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,

And fall to reprobation.
Oth. Tis pittifull, but
That she with *Cassio*, had
A thousand times commit
And she did gratifie his am
With that recognisance
Which I first gaue her; I
It was a handkerchiefe, a
My Father gaue my Mot
Em. O heauen, O hea
Iag. Come, hold your
Em. Twill out, twill ou
Ile be in speaking, liberal
Let heauen, and men, and
All, all cry shame against
Iag. Be wise, and get
Em. I will no
Gra. Fie, your sword
Em. O thou dull Moo
I found by fortune, and d
For often with a solemne
(More then indeed belon
He beg'd of me to steale i
Iag. Villainous whor
Em. She gaue it *Cassi*
And I did giu't my husba
Iag. Filth, thou list
Em. By heauen I doe
O murderous Coxcombe
Doe with so good a woa
The Moore ru
Oth. Are there no ston
But what serues for the th
Gra. The woman fall
Em. I, I, O lay me by
Gra. Hee's gone, but
Mon. Tis a notorious
Which I haue here recou

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